

a great shame, when people are happy together, that they should be ever separated; but it seems the great object of all human legislation that people never should be happy together.

My father I find better than I expected, and much cheered by my presence. I delivered him all your kind messages. He is now very busy on his History of English Literature, in which he is far advanced. I am mistaken if you will not delight in these volumes. They are full of new views of the history of our language, and indeed of our country, for the history of a State is necessarily mixed up with the history of its literature.

For myself, I am doing nothing. The western breeze favors an *al fresco* existence, and I am seated with a pipe under a spreading sycamore, solemn as a pasha.

I wish you would induce Hookham to entrust me with *Agathon*,<sup>1</sup> that mad Byronic novel.

What do you think of the modern French novelists, and is it worth my while to read them, and if so, what do you recommend me? What of Balzac, is he better than Sue and Geo: Sand Dudevant and are these inferior to Hugo? I ask you these questions because you will give me short answers, like all people who are masters of their subject.

I suppose it is vain to hope to see my dear D'Orsay here; I wish indeed he would come. Here is a cook by no means contemptible. He can bring his horses if he like, but I can mount him. Adieu, dear Lady Blessington, some day I will try to write you a more amusing letter; at present I am in truth ill and sad.<sup>2</sup>

BEADENHAM HOUSE,  
Friday, Aug. 15.

[1834.] MY DEAR LADY BLESSINGTON,

I have been very unwell, or I should sooner have acknowledged the receipt of your kind letter. I can assure you that your friendship is a great consolation to me. The change of life was too sad and sudden. Indeed I am quite at a loss how to manage affairs in future as I find separation more irksome than even my bitterest imagination predicted. God however is great, and the future must regulate itself, for I can't. I have done nothing but scribble one day a third part of *The Infernal Marriage* with which fantasy Colburn pretends now to be much pleased. I suppose your letter is at the bottom of his rapture.

<sup>1</sup> A translation from the German of Wleland.

<sup>2</sup> From Mr. Alfred Morrison's collection of autograph, letters.